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36  
OCT

DIGITAL  
EDITION

# SPAWN





**image<sup>®</sup> COMICS PRESENTS:**

# "SET UP"

## PART TWO



### **Spawn #35 Summary:**

As Twitch returns to work, Burke struggles to connect Chief Banks to Billy Kincaid. With a panic-stricken phone call to Wynn, Banks learns that Spawn gave Wynn the file. Unaware of Spawn's warnings to avoid the alley, Banks seeks out the masked vigilante. Burke and Twitch go after Banks to warn him. Meanwhile, Spawn experiences another flashback revealing Wynn ordered his murder. Shortly thereafter, Spawn encounters Banks just as Burke and Twitch catch up to him. Spawn learns Burke never gave Banks the file. Banks cracks under the pressure and tells Spawn of Wynn's connection to Kincaid. Spawn goes to kill Wynn. Before he can, Terry bursts into the office with security guards demanding Wynn's release. Unaware of Terry's motives, Spawn believes Terry has joined forces with Wynn.

### **FOR IMAGE COMICS**

**LARRY MARDER - exec. director    TONY LOBITO - publisher**

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**JULIA SIMMONS**





IT COULDN'T BE.  
NOT THIS. NOT NOW.

SINCE HIS RETURN FROM THE DEAD, NOTHING HAS MADE MUCH SENSE. HIS TWISTED NEW EXISTENCE HAS CONTINUED TO UNRAVEL CHAOTICALLY, EACH DAY BRINGING NEW PAIN.

THOUGH ONLY A SPLIT-SECOND OF TIME FLASHED BETWEEN HIS DEATH AND INITIATION AS AN AGENT OF HELL, FIVE YEARS HAD SLIPPED AWAY ON EARTH. SO, THIS CREATURE ONCE KNOWN AS LT. COLONEL AL SIMMONS WAS NOW DRIFTING EMOTIONALLY, LOST IN TIME.

HIS WIFE... REMARRIED... TO HIS BEST FRIEND, NO LESS. THEY HAVE A CHILD... SOMETHING HE'D BEEN INCAPABLE OF GIVING HER. ALLIANCES HAD CHANGED... AND HIS IDENTITY WAS NOW FOREVER LOST, EXCHANGED FOR AN UNHOLY SHELL OF NECROPLASMIC GOO.

HIS ONLY REFUGE HAS BEEN HIS PAST CAREER, THAT OF A COVERT ASSASSIN IN THE SERVICE OF U.S. INTELLIGENCE. RECENTLY-RECOVERED MEMORIES GAVE HIM THE FACE OF HIS OWN MURDERER. HE DECIDED THEN IT WAS TIME TO EXORCISE A FEW INTERNAL DEMONS--

-- BY KILLING HIS FORMER BOSS --

-- JASON WYNN: THE MAN WHO GAVE THE ORDER. THE MAN WHO, IN A BIZARRE TWIST OF FATE, HAD A HAND IN CREATING THIS NEW HELLSPAWN.

HE HAD HOPED TO MAKE WYNN'S DEATH EXCRUCIATINGLY SLOW. REVENGE WAS ALL AL HAD LEFT. HE HAD HOPED IT WOULD BRING A MOMENTARY RESPITE FROM THIS NIGHTMARE.

BUT NOW, INSTEAD, THINGS HAVE BECOME EVEN MORE UNBEARABLE.

You  
**TRAITOR!**

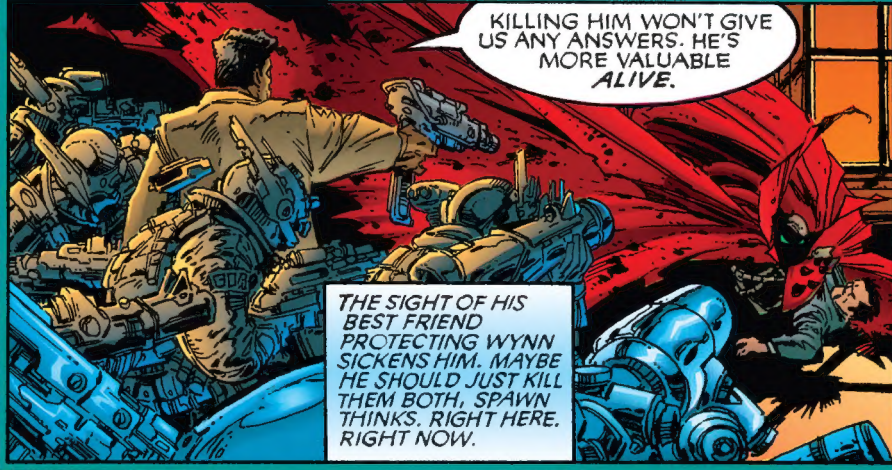




**SHUT UP!**  
YOU HAVEN'T  
THE *RIGHT*  
TO MAKE  
ACCU-  
SATIONS!


FLANKED BY A  
DOZEN BIO-TECH  
SECURITY GUARDS,  
**TERRY FITZ-  
GERALD** STANDS  
DEFIANTLY IN  
WHAT LITTLE  
LIGHT THERE IS IN  
JASON WYNN'S  
C.I.A. OFFICE.

NOW  
STAND  
BACK. SLOWLY.  
AND KEEP  
YOUR HANDS  
WHERE I  
CAN SEE  
THEM.



KILLING HIM WON'T GIVE  
US ANY ANSWERS. HE'S  
MORE VALUABLE  
*ALIVE.*


THE SIGHT OF HIS  
BEST FRIEND  
PROTECTING WYNN  
SICKENS HIM. MAYBE  
HE SHOULD JUST KILL  
THEM BOTH, SPAWN  
THINKS. RIGHT HERE,  
RIGHT NOW.



HE'S GOT THE POWER.  
WHY *NOT* USE IT TO  
BLAST THIS WHOLE  
FRIGGIN' FLOOR  
HALFWAY ACROSS  
THE CITY.

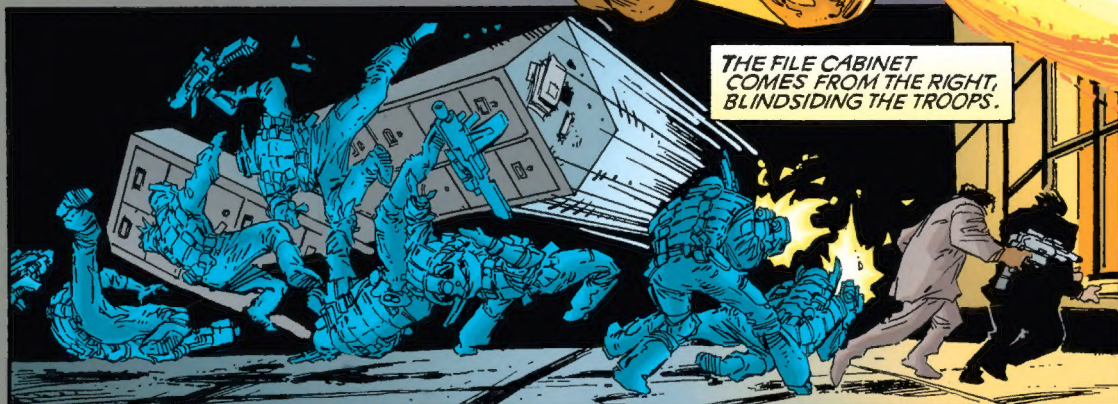
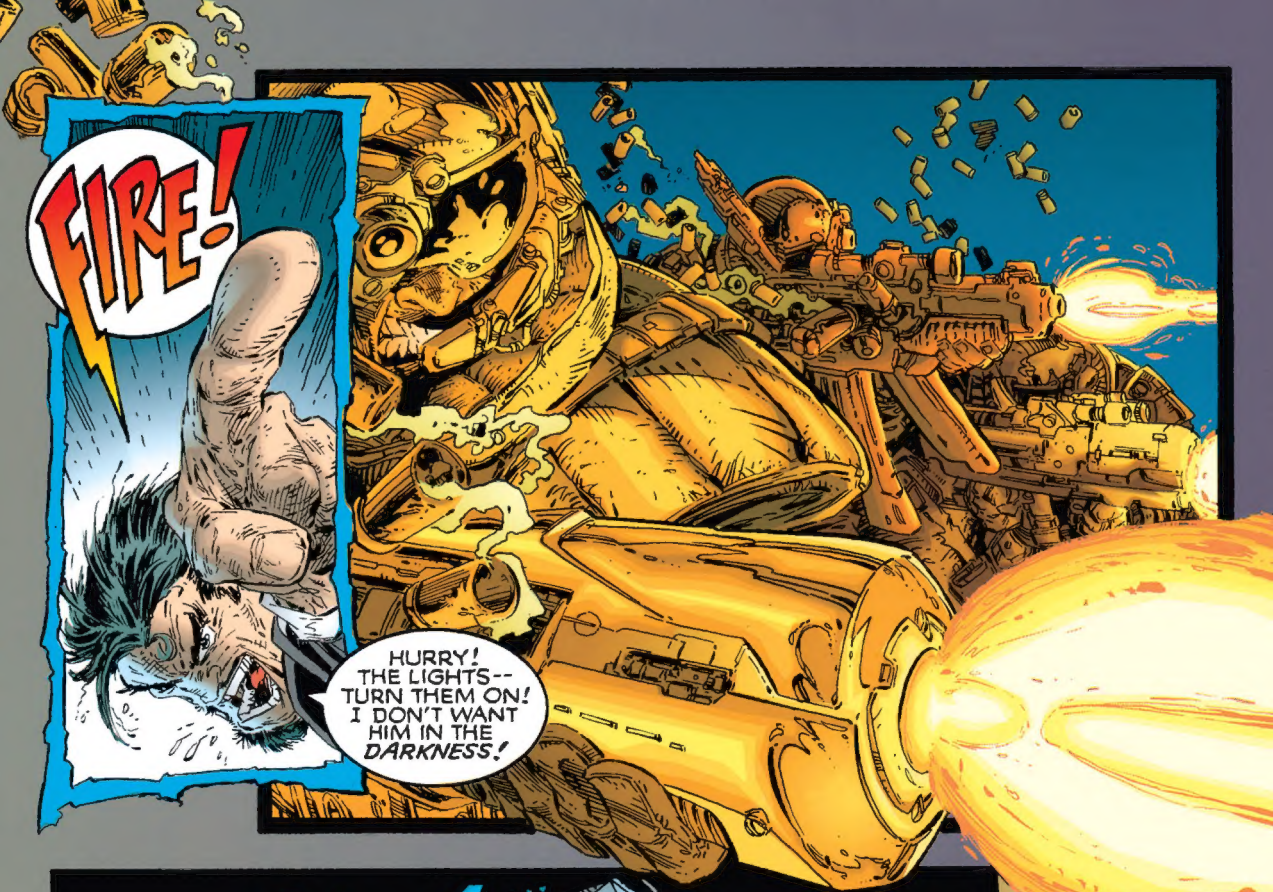
DAMN YOU,  
FITZGERALD!

**SHOOT**  
HIM! THIS ISN'T A  
NEGOTIATION!



**GUARDS!**  
LISTEN UP!  
FITZGERALD  
IS HEREBY  
RELIEVED OF HIS  
COMMAND! I'M IN  
CHARGE NOW!  
SO QUICKLY-- BE-  
FORE HE ESCAPES  
INTO THE  
SHADOWS--









HE'S ON THE  
LEFT NOW!  
WHAT'S HE,  
SOME KIND'A  
GHOST?!


HE'S  
MOVING TOO  
FAST. WYNN!  
GET OUT OF  
THE WAY!




TOO LATE.

I'LL BE  
BACK  
FOR YOU,  
TERRY.






LIKE A  
LEAD  
BALLOON,  
THEY  
FALL.



A JUTTING  
SECTION OF  
THE BUILDING  
RENDERS  
THAT EFFORT  
USELESS.



SCREAMING, THE CURRENT  
OCCUPANTS OF THE 17th  
FLOOR SCATTER. SECURITY  
FORCES HAVE BEEN  
ALERTED.



Uh?!  
NOT DEAD, YET?  
**GOOD!!**

SENSING IMPEN-  
DING DISASTER,  
THE HELLSPAWN'S  
CLOAK ATTEMPTS  
TO FORM WINGS.

I DIDN'T  
WANT YOUR  
PAIN TO  
END TOO  
QUICKLY.



**WHO  
ARE  
YOU?!**





SOME-  
ONE WHO  
GOT IN  
YOUR  
WAY.

WHO  
DIDN'T  
COUNT.



JUST  
STAY  
CALM.

IN  
THERE!  
HURRY,  
PLEASE!



DON'T  
MOVE!  
--BOTH  
OF YOU!

I'M JASON  
WYNN, SPECIAL  
SECURITY, SECTOR  
TWELVE. HE'S THE  
INTRUDER. GIVE  
ME YOUR  
GUN.

WHAT  
FOR?



I NEED A  
SACRIFICIAL  
PIG.



A BEAT LATER... OUTSIDE THE OFFICE...

HELP! THE  
CREATURE'S  
GONE MAD!  
HE'S KILLED  
THE  
GUARD!



THE TRAP  
SET, WYNN  
RETREATS.

TEAM  
RED...

THAT'S HIM.  
THE  
MURDERER!

"...THIS IS THE  
COMMANDER.  
INCREASE  
SUPPORT  
ABOVE AND  
BELOW. HE'S  
HEADED FOR  
STAIRWELL  
NINE."

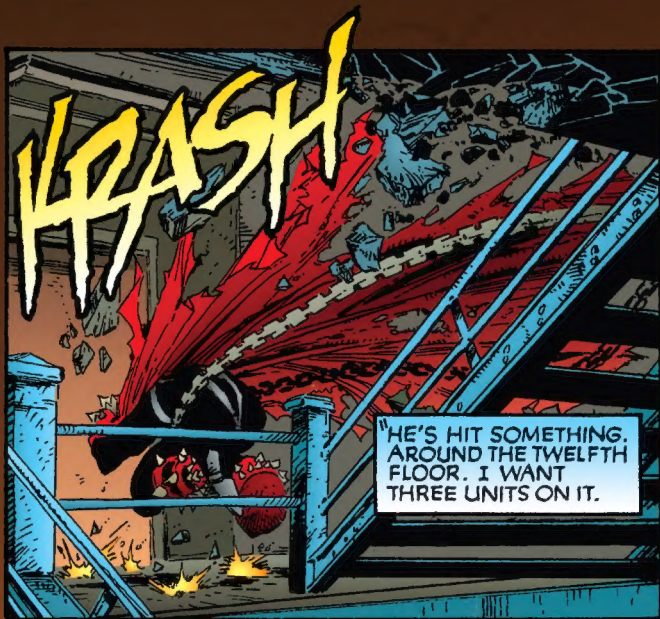
"I WANT ALL  
EXITS SECURED.  
NOW! BRING  
TEAM ORANGE  
INTO 'KILL'  
POSITION. HE'S  
GOT NOWHERE  
TO GO..."

"...BUT DOWN."

"JEE-ZUS! HE  
JUST JUMPED  
THE RAILS!"

"WE'RE  
LOSING  
HIM!"





"HE'S HIT SOMETHING.  
AROUND THE TWELFTH  
FLOOR. I WANT  
THREE UNITS ON IT.



"BLOCK THE EXITS  
AND MONITOR THE  
ELEVATOR SHAFTS.

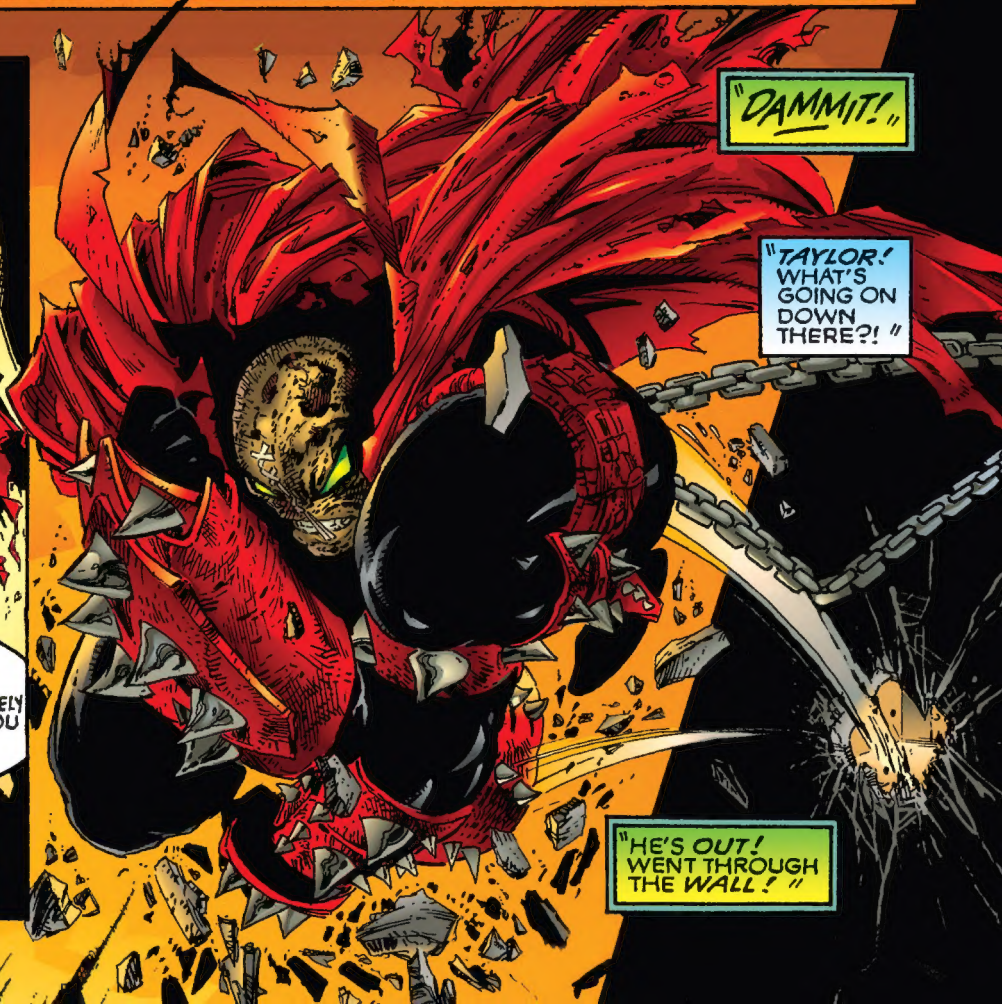


"THE WEST WING HAS  
BEEN SEALED FOR  
CONSTRUCTION. WE  
DON'T HAVE TO WORRY  
ABOUT WINDOWS OR  
ENCLOSED SPACES.  
HE'S HEADING INTO  
NO-MAN'S LAND.



**STOP!**

YOU'RE COMPLETELY  
SURROUNDED. YOU  
HAVE THREE  
SECONDS TO...



"DAMMIT!"

"TAYLOR!  
WHAT'S  
GOING ON  
DOWN  
THERE?!"

"HE'S OUT!  
WENT THROUGH  
THE WALL!"





WHAT?!! GOD DAMMIT!  
WE DON'T HAVE  
OUTSIDE REINFORCEMENTS YET!

THEY'RE  
COMING.

WHERE'S  
HE NOW?

LANDED HARD,  
SOUTH, ON THE  
ROOF OF THE  
MERRILL LYNCH  
BUILDING.

NOT DETECTING  
ANY MOTION.  
THE TARGET MAY  
BE INJURED.

I DOUBT  
IT. HE'S  
ONE OF  
THEM  
COSTUMED  
FREAKS.  
THEY  
DON'T LIKE  
TO DIE  
EASY.

I'VE GOT THE  
SWAT TEAMS  
AND SECURITY  
TROOPS  
HEADED TO  
HIS POSITION.

PERFECT!  
IF HE  
FLINCHES...





--SHRED HIM!

CONTACT POINT.  
THIS IS COMMANDER  
COOPER OF  
THE U.S. ARMY.  
WE'VE SPOTTED  
YOUR TARGET.  
WHAT ARE YOUR  
ORDERS?



TERMINATE  
ON SIGHT.

AFFIRMATIVE.  
10-4.



CHOPPER TWO,  
DEPLOY TRACKING  
MISSILES. WE'LL  
CORNER THE  
TARGET TO THE EAST,  
THEN FALL OUT.



YOU FOLLOW  
BEHIND FOR  
THE CLEAR  
SHOT.





TARGET  
LOCKED  
IN.

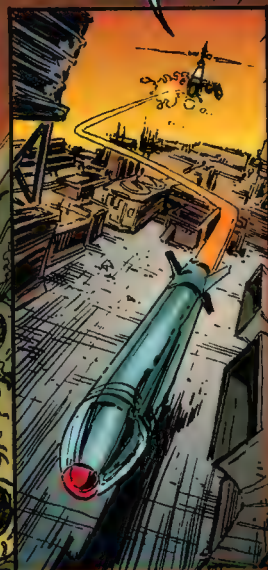
**BINGO!**  
ELIMINATION  
COMPLETE.



TWO  
SECONDS.



ONE.



THE  
PARTY'S  
OVER.

GOOD WORK, MEN.  
WE'LL LET THE C.I.A.  
AND CIVILIANS  
CLEAN UP THE MESS.  
SEE YOU BACK AT  
HOME BASE.



6:8:8:7



12<sup>th</sup> PRECINCT,  
NEW YORK CITY...  
HOURS LATER...

I NEVER  
THOUGHT I'D  
SEE THIS DAY...  
WHEN THOSE  
SWORN TO  
THE PEOPLE'S  
PROTECTION  
HAVE  
BECOME THE  
ENEMY.

THAT FILE WE  
GAVE TO INTERNAL  
AFFAIRS SHOULD HAVE  
STOPPED CHIEF BANKS  
FROM EVER MAKING A  
MOCKERY OF HIS OFFICE  
AGAIN. AND IT WASN'T  
JUST THE KINCAID  
STUFF. THERE WAS  
AMPLE EVIDENCE  
TO FORCE HIS  
RESIGNATION. \*

SOMEONE  
WIELDING A  
HELLUVA LOT  
OF CLOUT.

IT'S BEEN  
LESS THAN  
20 HOURS AND  
BANKS HAS  
ALREADY BEEN  
CLEARED OF  
ANY AND ALL  
WRONG-  
DOING.

\*LAST ISSUE

I  
KNOW--  
IT'S A  
BUNCH OF  
CRAP!

IT SHOULD'VE TAKEN  
THEM THREE WEEKS JUST  
TO ORGANIZE THE QUES-  
TIONING. TOOK THEM  
THREE WEEKS TO CLEAR  
US OF INVOLVEMENT  
WITH KINCAID'S  
DEAD BODY. \*

AND NOW  
THEY'RE SAYING  
THAT BUGGER  
BANKS IS CLEAN.  
CRIPES! THIS WHOLE  
SYSTEM HAS  
TURNED DIRTY.

SO IT  
APPEARS,  
SIR.

MY GUESS  
IS THAT SOME-  
ONE AT C.I.A.  
HAS A VERY BIG  
HAND IN  
THIS.

DON'T I  
KNOW IT!

\*ISSUE 5--Tomp.

THAT BUILDING THAT  
WAS JUST ATTACKED  
BELONGS TO GOVERN-  
MENT SECURITY... AND  
BY COINCIDENCE IS THE  
SAME PLACE BANKS  
HAS BEEN DIRECTING  
HIS PANIC CALLS.

SO WHAT'RE  
THE ODDS OUR  
PAL SPAWN HAD  
SOMETHING  
TO DO WITH  
THIS?

I BET MY  
REPUTATION.

New York Herald-Tribune  
EXPLOSION ROCKS  
SECURITY AGENCY  
HEADQUARTERS

ME, TOO. SPAWN WAS  
TRYING TO GET  
SOME INFO OUTTA  
BANKS, THEN DISAPPEARS.  
THEN BANG! THE CHIEF'S  
MYSTERIOUS SYMPATHETIC  
EAR IS ATTACKED!

THINGS  
DO SEEM TO  
BE GETTING  
QUITE  
INVOLVED.

BUT IF  
EVERYONE'S  
BEING  
BOUGHT OFF,  
WHAT'S THE GOOD  
OF THIS LINE OF  
INQUIRY?

MAYBE  
WE  
CAN...

BURKE!



I APPLAUD YOU ON YOUR EFFORTS TO BANISH ME, BUT BY NOW YOU'VE BECOME PAINFULLY AWARE HOW *USELESS* THAT WAS. YOU *SEE*, BOY, THERE'S A NATURAL PECKING ORDER IN LIFE. *SOME* OF US ARE MEANT FOR *GRANDEUR* WHILE OTHERS, LIKE *YOURSELF*, FLAIL TRAGICALLY THROUGH LIFE, AMOUNTING TO *NOTHING*.

OR, TO PUT IT MORE CLEARLY, YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR LEAGUE WITH YOUR *NECK* STUCK OUT AND NOW IT'S ABOUT TO GET *CHOPPED*.

YOU'VE BEEN A PAIN TO ME FOR OVER FOUR YEARS-- BUT *NO MORE!*

**PUL-EASSE!**

CAN YOU BE A BIT MORE MELODRAMATIC.

DAMN IT, BURKE! THIS ISN'T A *JOKE* ANY LONGER. THOUGH I'D *DEARLY* LOVE TO *FIRE* YOUR ASS RIGHT NOW, THAT WOULD RAISE SOME EYE-BROWS. ESPECIALLY *NOW*. NO... I'M A *PATIENT* MAN. I'LL PUT UP WITH YOU TWO FOR THE TIME BEING.

BUT I SWEAR IF *EITHER* OF YOU EVEN *SNEEZES* WRONG I'LL MAKE SURE YOU LOSE EVERYTHING. YOUR JOBS. YOUR PENSIONS. YOU *NAME* IT.

IN THE MEANTIME I SUGGEST YOU LOOK FOR ANOTHER LINE OF WORK BECAUSE AS SOON AS THE HEAT DIES DOWN AROUND HERE YOU'RE *DONE*.

AND ONCE YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN, IF I WERE YOU, I'D CHECK OVER MY SHOULDER REGULARLY, BECAUSE I'M NOT ABOUT TO FORGET WHAT YOU TRIED TO *DO* TO ME!

Um...  
EXCUSE ME..



**SCREW YOU!**

YOU DON'T THREATEN ME OR MY FRIEND. UNDERSTAND? YOU WANT TO FIGHT US THEN BE MY GUEST-- 'CAUSE YOU KNOW WHAT? I'M NOT AFRAID OF *YOUR* KIND.

SEE, I'VE KEPT A COPY OF YOUR FILE AS A BACK-UP, AND IF *ANYTHING* HAPPENS TO ME OR SAM, I'VE ARRANGED FOR IT TO HIT *EVERY* MAJOR NEWS-PAPER AND TALK SHOW IN THIS COUNTRY. AND *BELIEVE* ME-- I *DON'T* BLUFF.

GO GET 'IM, TWITCH.

AS FOR YOUR PATHETIC ATTEMPTS TO *INTIMIDATE* US, LET ME REFRESH YOUR MEMORY ON ONE LITTLE MATTER. I'M A *SHARPSHOOTER*-- BEST IN THE CITY. YOU WANT A BULLET DEAD CENTER THROUGH EACH EYE, THEN *PUSH* ME.

BECAUSE I MADE A PLEDGE YEARS AGO TO RID SOCIETY OF SCUM LIKE *YOU*.



WE NOW SHIFT TO  
THE SUBURBS--  
QUEENS-- A SHORT  
TIME LATER...

WELL *THANK* YOU, WANDA,  
FOR SUCH A *BEAUTIFUL* DAY.  
THE FRESH *AIR* SURE FELT GOOD.  
THOUGH I'M SORRY I COULDN'T  
WALK THE PARK QUITE AS  
FAST AS YOU TWO.

AN AFTERNOON  
AWAY FROM THE HOUSE  
IS A PLEASURE I DON'T  
GET TOO OFTEN, BUT  
I DO ENJOY--!

→ JPK! ←

**CYAN!**  
PLEASE! NOT  
SO HARD. YOU  
HAVE TO BE GENTLE  
WHEN YOU GIVE  
GREAT-GRANNIE  
A HUG.

GRACIOUS!  
I *DO* LOVE THIS  
CHILD OF YOURS,  
WANDA. ALWAYS  
MAKING ME FEEL  
SO GOOD.

MMM!

WELL, SHE  
JUST GETS SO  
*EXCITED* ABOUT  
COMING OVER  
HERE. ISN'T  
THAT RIGHT,  
SWEETY.

I APPRECIATE  
YOU SPENDING  
A BIT MORE TIME.  
TOO BAD TERRY  
COULDN'T  
MAKE IT.

GRAMMA.

YEAH. HE MUST BE  
WORKING LATE  
TONIGHT. YOU KNOW,  
TRYING TO IMPRESS  
THE NEW BOSS.  
HOPEFULLY, HE'LL  
COME NEXT  
VISIT.

THAT'D BE  
NICE. I MISS  
HIS COMPANY,  
TOO. BUT I KNOW  
HOW *BUSY* YOU  
BOTH ARE.

I WISH IT WASN'T  
TRUE. BETWEEN MY  
CHARITY WORK AND  
SOME NEW CLASSES, I  
CAN'T REMEMBER THE  
LAST TIME TERRY AND I  
JUST SAT DOWN AND  
TURNED ON THE TV.





...CONTINUE OUR LIVE COVERAGE OF TONIGHT'S BOMBING AT NEW YORK CITY'S MERRILL LYNCH BUILDING, AND THE REPORTED ASSAULT ON THE C.I.A. HEADQUARTERS NEXT DOOR. POLICE SOURCES ARE CAUTIOUSLY OPTIMISTIC THAT NO ONE DIED IN THIS ATTACK ON THE NATION'S LARGEST BROKERAGE INSTITUTION. THE UPPER TWO STORIES OF THIS BUILDING, WHICH HOUSE THE GYM AND CAFETERIA, HAD ALREADY BEEN SECURED FOR THE NIGHT. IT IS BELIEVED THAT NO EMPLOYEES WERE WORKING LATE IN ANY OTHER AREAS, AND MOST HAVE BEEN LOCATED AT THEIR HOMES. THE WHITE HOUSE DENIES REPORTS THAT AN AS-YET UNIDENTIFIED TERRORIST GROUP HAD STAGED THE EVENT AS A REJECTION OF THE ADMINISTRATION'S PEACE NEGOTIATIONS IN THE MIDDLE EAST.



OFF THE RECORD SPECULATION FROM MY ANONYMOUS SOURCES IS THAT A **HOME-GROWN** TERRORIST GROUP WAS BLOWING A LOUD RASPBERRY AT THE PRESIDENT'S MIDDLE EAST PEACE EFFORT. AT THE SAME TIME, FRENZIED SPIN DOCTORS ARE QUICK TO DISPEL ANY **HINT** OF A CONNECTION TO THE OKLAHOMA CITY INCIDENT. "**JUST THE ACTIONS OF ANOTHER DERANGED INDIVIDUAL**", THEY TELL US, WHICH IS TO SAY, NOBODY HAS A **CLUE**. CONFUSING MATTERS EVEN FURTHER IS THE RAPID INVOLVEMENT OF OUR NATION'S MILITARY FORCES. SOME EYE-WITNESSES SAY IT WAS THE **PRESENCE** OF THE HELICOPTERS THAT TRIGGERED THE BOMBINGS, WHILE OTHERS MAINTAIN THE DAMAGE WAS DONE **BEFORE** THEIR ARRIVAL. IN EITHER CASE, EVERY AGENCY IN THE CITY IS NOW ON ALERT FOR POSSIBLE FOLLOW-UP ACTION. MEANWHILE, ALL EYES TURN TO THE WHITE HOUSE FOR SOMEONE -- **ANYONE** -- TO EXPLAIN IT ALL FOR US.



ARE YOU **KIDDING ME**?! THIS ISN'T A CASE OF WHACKED-OUT IDIOTS LOOKING FOR ATTENTION, **NO SIR!** WHAT WE'RE LOOKING AT IS **RETALIATION**. SOME GROUP IS SENDING A MESSAGE TO THOSE WHO HIDE IN THE SHADOWS, PLAYING DOPEY SPY GAMES WITH OUR TAX DOLLARS. NO ONE IS ADMITTING ANYTHING, BUT ANYONE WHO THINKS THE C.I.A. ATTACK AND THE MERRILL-LYNCH BOMBING ARE UNRELATED IS EITHER **IGNORANT** OR **STUPID**. THIS WHOLE **THING** SMELLS ROTTEN. WORSE THAN THAT, THE PRESIDENT AND HIS AIDES ARE STONEWALLING. DIDN'T WE ELECT THESE GUYS BECAUSE THE **PREVIOUS** BUNCH WERE CLAIMING "DENIABILITY" TOO OFTEN?! SO NOW WE HAVE THE **ARMY**, THE **FINANCIAL** COMMUNITY AND THE **CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE** BOYS RUNNING AROUND IN AN ANT FARM, BUT FOR A CHANGE WE'VE GOT A MAGNIFYING GLASS ON 'EM. I GUARANTEE THAT **SOMEONE'S** HIDING SOMETHING, AND THIS TIME WE JUST MIGHT FIND OUT WHAT IT IS.

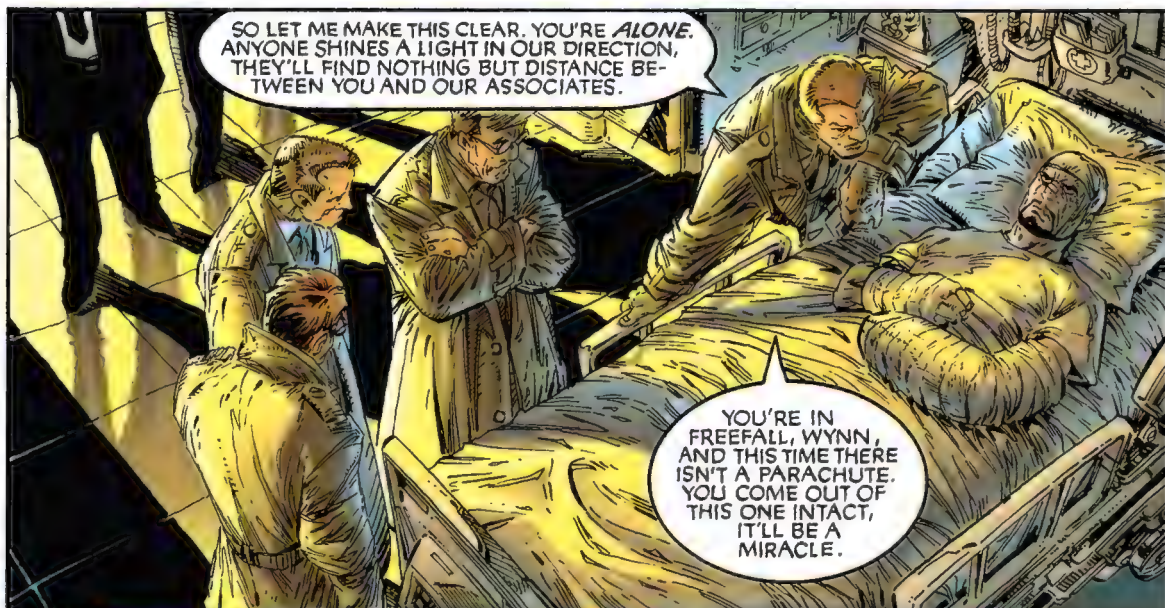


**ELSEWHERE.**

YOU'RE A SMART MAN. YOU UNDERSTAND HOW ALL THIS CAN COMPROMISE PEOPLE IN OUR POSITIONS.

THE PEOPLE WE REPRESENT NEED DENIABILITY REGARDING THE SENSITIVE 'ARRANGEMENTS' WE'VE ALL MADE. THEY *DON'T* LIKE SURPRISES. OR ATTENTION! THE MEDIA'S CRAWLING ALL OVER THIS ONE, *WORLDWIDE*. THAT'S NOT GOOD FOR ANYONE'S BUSINESS. AND FRANKLY, THEY DON'T THINK YOU'RE WORTH THE RISK.

CAN'T BLAME 'EM. I'VE BEEN SAYING YOU'RE TRASH FOR YEARS NOW.



SO LET ME MAKE THIS CLEAR. YOU'RE *ALONE*. ANYONE SHINES A LIGHT IN OUR DIRECTION, THEY'LL FIND NOTHING BUT DISTANCE BETWEEN YOU AND OUR ASSOCIATES.

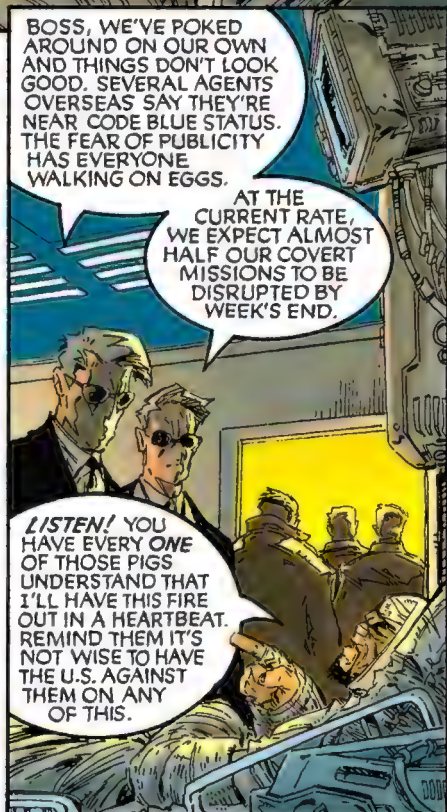
YOU'RE IN FREEFALL, WYNN, AND THIS TIME THERE ISN'T A PARACHUTE. YOU COME OUT OF THIS ONE INTACT, IT'LL BE A MIRACLE.



SO YOU GET SOME REST-- BECAUSE THIS MAY BE YOUR LAST CHANCE TO FEEL ALL CODDLED AND SECURE. AFTER ALL, WE'RE *ALL* EXPENDABLE.

I'M JUST GLAD MY CLIENTS HAVE FINALLY DISCOVERED THAT ABOUT YOU.

AND WHAT'S EVEN SWEETER? YOU DID IT *ALL* BY YOURSELF. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, GUYS.



BOSS, WE'VE POKED AROUND ON OUR OWN AND THINGS DON'T LOOK GOOD. SEVERAL AGENTS OVERSEAS SAY THEY'RE NEAR CODE BLUE STATUS. THE FEAR OF PUBLICITY HAS EVERYONE WALKING ON EGGS.

AT THE CURRENT RATE, WE EXPECT ALMOST HALF OUR COVERT MISSIONS TO BE DISRUPTED BY WEEK'S END.

*LISTEN!* YOU HAVE EVERY ONE OF THOSE PIGS UNDERSTAND THAT I'LL HAVE THIS FIRE OUT IN A HEARTBEAT. REMIND THEM IT'S NOT WISE TO HAVE THE U.S. AGAINST THEM ON ANY OF THIS.



FINALLY ALONE, IT TAKES ALMOST TWO HOURS FOR WYNN TO FALL ASLEEP. HIS MIND'S RESISTANCE SUCCUMBS GRUDGINGLY TO HIS BODY'S DEMANDS.

MY MY.

DON'T WE LOOK LIKE A LITTLE ANGEL, LYING THERE.

WHAT?

HEY, STUD! REMEMBER ME? 'COURSE YOU DO. ANYWAYS, IT SEEMS LIKE YOU'VE GOTTEN YOURSELF INTO A BIT OF A TIGHT SQUEEZE.

AGAIN.

WELL... YOU'RE LUCKY I'VE TAKEN A SHINE TO YOU. SEE, OUT OF THE GOODNESS OF MY BLACK HEART I'M GOING TO DO YOU ANOTHER HUGE FAVOR. REMEMBER SPAWN'S ATTACK ON YOUR OFFICE? WELL, IT'LL APPEAR EXACTLY LIKE THE WORK OF A TERRORIST FROM ABROAD-- ANOTHER TRADE CENTER BOMBING, IF YOU WILL. NO ONE WILL BE THE WISER.

I KNOW! I KNOW!

YOU WANT TO KISS ME. WELL, LET'S NOT SPOIL THE MOMENT.

Ok-- AND I SHOULD MENTION, IN ALL HONESTY, THAT YOU'VE BEEN DOING A DECENT JOB OF PUSHING SPAWN'S BUTTONS. DRIVING HIM INSANE, THAT'S GREAT!

BUT PUSH TOO HARD AND HE'LL KILL YOU IN A HEARTBEAT. WE CAN'T HAVE THAT. YOU'RE TOO IMPORTANT.

Y'KNOW, I'VE SEEN HELL'S DOSSIER ON YOU. PURE EVIL'S A RARE COMMODITY AMONG YOU HUMANS-- AND PAL, YOU ARE WAY OFF THE CHARTS. WE NEED YOU INTACT.

SO PUSH SPAWN. BUT TRY AND KEEP SOME DISTANCE.

EVENING, MR. WYNN. TIME FOR YOUR MEDICINE. HOPE YOU'VE BEEN GETTING SOME REST.

I'M TRYING.









DON'T YOU HEAR ME? I WANT TO TALK.

**No!**



THE PHONE!



I'M SORRY. I CAN'T LET YOU DO THAT.



**SOME-BODY-!!**



DAMN YOU, WANDA, I JUST WANT A MOMENT. JUST ONE MINUTE OF YOUR TIME.  
BUT YOU CAN'T YELL.



LISTEN TO ME!! THIS IS ABOUT TERRY! HE'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK. HE'S DECEIVED BOTH OF US. **LIED.**

YOU CAN'T RUN AWAY FROM THAT.





DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?!  
HE'S PROTECTING MY MURDERER! HE DIDN'T CARE ABOUT ME. IT WAS YOU HE WANTED!

BUT HE DOESN'T LOVE YOU LIKE I DO.

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



I TRADED EVERYTHING I HAD TO BE WITH YOU AGAIN.

EVERYTHING.



NOW I TERRIFY YOU. WELL, I PROMISED I WOULDN'T HURT YOU AGAIN. REMEMBER THAT? AT CONEY ISLAND.

HOW...? WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS...? HOW DO YOU KNOW WHAT AL TOLD ME?

WHO ARE YOU?

DON'T YOU KNOW?



No! No!  
YOU AREN'T MY HUSBAND!  
HE'S DEAD!  
DAMN YOU-- STOP TORTURING ME. PLEASE...

HE'S DEAD.  
HE'S DEAD.



I WAS.

INSTANTLY, SPAWN CALLS TO MIND A HUNDRED DETAILS THAT ONLY AL SIMMONS WOULD KNOW. INTIMATE MOMENTS, PRIVATE JOKES THEY SHARED...





... ANY OF WHICH WOULD MAKE HER BELIEVE.

MOMMY?

Uk?

GOD... NO! BABY, PLEASE, NOT NOW...

WHY ARE YOU CRYING?

DID HE MAKE YOU SAD?


DON'T HURT HER... PLEASE... NOT MY BABY.

I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU WANT. JUST LEAVE HER ALONE.

DOES MY MOM-MA KNOW YOU?

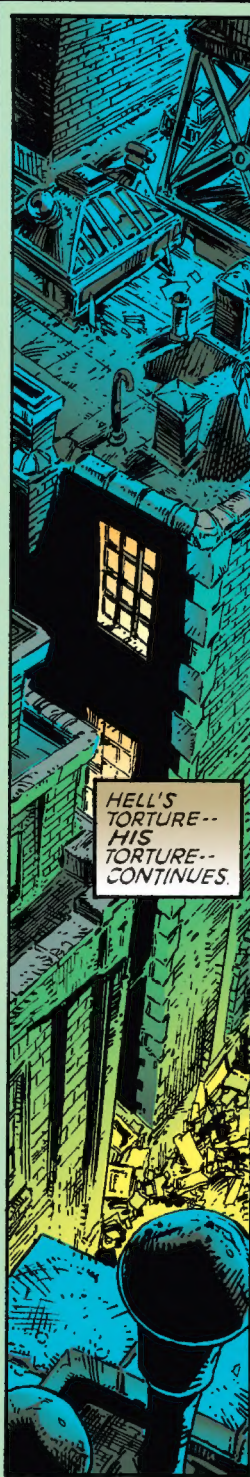
I THOUGHT SHE DID. NOT ANY MORE.





AS HE LEAVES,  
WANDA LEANS BACK,  
ACCIDENTALLY  
TRIPPING THE  
ANSWERING MACHINE...

"**WANDA!!** THIS IS TERRY!  
GET OUT OF THE HOUSE.  
NOW. DO YOU HEAR ME--  
NOW! **SPAWN ATTACKED**  
**US...** HE'S GONE NUTS. HE  
MIGHT BE COMING YOUR  
WAY-- HE KNOWS US. CHRIST.  
HE'S **CRAZY**. YOU'VE GOT TO  
GET AWAY."



HELL'S  
TORTURE--  
HIS  
TORTURE--  
CONTINUES.







Tyrant  
Lizard  
King

EMPIRE